



I fear such precious things should have
some force Them to preserve, lest
some beholders might Procure those
precious apples by their slight* Then
cruel ATLAS, banished from remorse,
Enters my thoughts, and how he
feared away

The poor inhabitants which dwelt about;
Lest some, of his rich fruit should
make a prey: Although the Orchard,
circummured throughout With walls of
steel was; and a vigil stout Of
watchful dragons guarded everywhere,
Which bold attempters vexed with hot
pursuit, So that none durst approach
his fruit for fear. Thus, ATLAS like,
thine heart hath dragons set
Tyrannous Hatred, and a Proud
Disdain, Which in that Orchard cruelly
did reign,

And with much rigour rule thy lovely
eyes ! Immured in steely walls of
chaste Desire, Which entrance to poor
passengers denies, And death's high
danger to them that require. And even
as ATLAS (through fierce cruelty,

And breach to laws of hospitality ; When lodging
to a stranger he denied) Was turned to a
stony mountain straight; Which on his
shoulders, now, supports heaven's weight : (A
just revenge for cruelty and pride !)

Even so, thine heart (for inhumanity,
And wrath to those, that thine eyes' apples
love!